

2

I CONTADINI BIZZARRI,

A NEW

COMIC OPERA,

TO BE PERFORMED AT THE

KING'S THEATRE, HAY-MARKET.

The Music by the Celebrated

Mr. SARTI,

Under the Direction of

Mr. FEDERICI,

POETE, Mr. L. DA PONTE.

TRANSLATED

By Mr. JOHN MAZZINGHI.

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[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

P E R F O R M E R S.

Cechino, <i>Contadino Sindico</i> della <i>Comunità</i>	}	Signor MORELLI ;
Tognino, <i>Laterale della</i> <i>Comunità,</i>	}	Signor ROVEDINO ;
Giannina, <i>Figliuola di Ce-</i> <i>chino e promessa a Tog-</i> <i>nino,</i>	}	Signora C. BORGHI ;
Sandrina, <i>Sorelia di Nard.</i>	}	Signora DE MIRA ;
Olivetta, <i>Moglie di Men-</i> <i>gon,</i>	}	Signora PASTORELLI ;
Mengone, <i>Altro Laterale</i>		
Nardone, <i>Altro Laterale</i>	}	Signor GARELLI ;
Il Marchese —	}	Signor BRAGHETTI.
Leader of the Band, Mr. CRAMER.		
Ballet Master, Mr. NOVERRE.		
Painter and Machinist, <i>Signor</i> Gaetano Mainari.		
Taylor, <i>Ssgnor</i> Sestini.		
The words by <i>Signor</i> N——, with additions and alterations by the Poet of this Theatre.		

The necessity of pleasing the Publick, and want of time, renders it expedient to deviate from the usual mode of Printing this Opera.



ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Town Hall with two Side Doors guarded by two Peasants, several Antient Portraits executed in a Rustic stile, hung on both sides of the Hall; four Antique Elbow Stools, &c.

Cecchino, Nardone, and Peasants, then Mengone and Tognino.

CEC. THE Morning dawn already has appeared
And I'm obliged to wait.

NAR. 'Tis not so early

And surely can't be long before they come.

CEC. They are a set of coxcombs and of fools!
What make me wait, who represent the Syndac,
My rank and age might surely claim respect.
They linger still and seem not to approach.

2. My patience quite forsakes me, 'tis too tiresome;
It is an indolence that's quite provoking —
Hush, hush, at last they're come, and here they are.

2. Gentlemen we are your most obedient (*bowing*)

2. Gentlemen Good Morning to you all,
I scarce ly could so soon expect this favour.

MEN. Excuse me, Mr. Syndic.

TOG. And me too.

CEC. I have much to say and will not lose my breath.

ALL Come then and let us all set down together,
Let every one maintain his proper rank,
Let every man receive his Neighbours pardon,
And all detest those faults which are their own.

They one after the other take a Chair and sit down, placing Cecchino in the Middle; Tognino on the Left, and Nardone on the Right, then Mengone by the Side of Nardone.

CEC. As we are here met, and we are to talk of public
as well as private matters, listen now to my just complaint, I
C should

should wish to know if a Man of my age and rank commands proper respect.

Tog. And pray whom do you complain of?

Nar. He complains, and with great reason, for without any attention or respect you have made the deputy wait above an hour.

Cec. Hold your tongue Sir, I have not yet finished—I know full well that I have gone through much difficulty and hardship, to obtain a rank so illustrious and so honorable.

MEN. There's a report that the Marquis is arrived.

(to Nar.

Cec. You are all a set of jackanapes—won't you listen to what I say?

MEN. Speak on—

Tog. I attend to you my friend.

Cec. More respect is due to one in my situation—The Marquis is arrived, and we are bound to pay due honors to a Master in order to gain his Protection. It is my lot to pay him the Compliment, and for the e two months I have applied Day and Night with the sweat of my brow to study it.

Nar. What an excellent head!

Tog. What a sublime intellect!

Cec. My friends I have nothing else to say—I have said all.

Nar. I know that I am a Syndic; it behoves me to suggest some method by which we may make him sensible of the Esteem that all in this village entertain for him. Presents are necessary and they must be savory.

MEN. Presents Gentlemen—He's right.

Tog. Then present him with Bologna Sauages and Hams.

MEN. I'll present them.

Cec. Psha! this is not proper, we ought not to degrade ourselves so—our women shall present them. My Daughter Giannina, who seems to be born a Doctress, will pay the compliment. She has studied East, West, and South, and to her great honor and my good fortune, she even knows when the moon is in its full.

Tog. (A word to you)

(whispering

Cec. No whispering here.

Tog. Listen to one thing alone. Pray when will Giannina be my wife, you promised her to me.

Cec. By Jove, is this a proper place—My dear Forefathers, here your ancient laws are not respected. The world is full only of ideots, and blockheads—Oh if you could but see how the customs are abused and perverted, you would say
in

in a plaintive strain, my poor Children where are you—Sigh
with us shed tears.

You stupid fools who do not know,
What you to rank and honor owe.
On whom all dignity is lost,
Who neither sense nor manners boast,
Behold in me, in me admire,
What you can ne'er yourselves acquire.

S C E N E II.

Tognino, Nardone, Mengone.

TOG. He is a man of learning.

NAR. Worthy of admiration.

MEN. He is however a little proud, and since he has been
in such an elevated employment it is evident that pride has
taken possession of him.

TOG. He believes himself to be a man of consequence.

MEN. Well I shall go to market.

NAR. Stop stop Sir, it does not belong to you.

TOG. And why all this piece of work.

NAR. Dost you know why? because I ought to have the
preference, and I shall not suffer such an insult.

S C E N E III.

Nardone, Tognino, *then* Cecchino.

TOG. To whom does it belong?

MEN. To me who am the eldest.

TOG. This is not a sufficient reason.

MEN. Sufficient to induce me to go, with your leave.

TOG. By my faith you shall not go from this place.

MEN. This is a great piece of Insolence.

TOG. Be what it may, patience is requisite.

MEN. You go before me! indeed I don't believe it.

TOG. No one shall stir untill the matter be decided.

MEN. Then let the Syndac be sent for.

TOG. Quick—haste go and fetch him.

2. When he has made his decree, then we'll talk the
matter over.

MEN. What do you fix your pretensions upon.

TOG. I am related to the Syndac.

MEN. Such a pretension makes me laugh indeed.

2 From this place you shall not go—you must have
patience, else your excellency shall taste a cudgel.

CEC. What disturbance is this, what is all this noise ?

Tog. 'Tis not a quarrel, it is a matter of punctilio, and
I wish to know from you if he has a right to go before me.

CEC. This is a serious affair, give me a chair.

Tog. } I am now a little in a hurry.

MEN. }² I know not now what to say.

You vulgar crew attend to me,
Hear and admire my sage degree,
Which must go first you wish to know
Now to decide—you this way go ;
And you Sir, go that other way,
So Justice ends the doubtful fray.

Tog. } Oh what a superlative head, Oh what a noble
MEN. }² thought, he has astonished me. (*Exeunt*

Illustrious Sires, who see your Son,
An equal race of glory run,
Who have heard my sentence and approve,
Allow me now hence to remove.

S C E N E IV.

*Country with Valleys. Giannina's House in Front, on the
Right, Olivetta's House, on the Left that of Sandrina.*

Giannina Solus.

I'm fresh and tender as a Rose,
That in the bud of beauty blows,
Each charm of mind and face I claim,
That most can wake a Lover's flame.
For me each bosom is on fire,
The object of their sole desire,
My lot it is to charm them all,
My Eyes are formed to make them fall.

Miserable condition of our Sex ! if we are ugly, every one
Despises us—if handsome, every one courts us.

S C E N E V.

*Olivetta with a Basket of Greens, and Sandrina with
Poultry, going to Market, and Ditto.*

OLI. Giannina, I am happy to see you.

GIA. What a strange mode of talking.

SAN. Companion, I salute you.

GIA-

GIA. What do you mean by companion! I don't desire to stay with you, who are the dregs of the lowest class.

OLI. But who is that gentleman approaching this way?

GIA. Hush, if I am not mistaken it is the Marquis.

OLI. Oh what a lovely youth.

SAN. He is truly so.

GIA. Ah why was he not born a peasant.

S C E N E VI.

To these the Marquis in a Country Dress, with a Servant.

How happy I, who in this place

Behold so many a lovely face;

Those beauteous rustics I admire,

I feel their charms my heart inspire;

To them my eager eyes I turn,

For them I sigh, for them I burn!

Ah lovely girl, your name declare,

(to OLI.

You seem Diana, heavenly Fair;

And you, bright nymph, whose killing eye

(to GIA.

Bids your despairing lover die.

GIA. (As much as to say that these eyes of mine have made a conquest of his heart.)

MAR. (To what a delightful adventure the God of Love has conducted me.)

OLI. (I wish at least I could please him.)

SAN. (I'd court with him with pleasure.)

MAR. Tell me my lovely girl, who are you?

GIA. I am—I don't mean to flatter myself—the Idol of the Castle,

MAR. My dear little Idol, Say, if I should make a sacrifice to you of my heart, would you accept it?

GIA. Yes Sir.

OLI. And to me?

SAN. And to me, Sir.

MAR. There's enough for every one. It is sufficient that they are girls, no matter whether ugly or handsome.

OLI. Oh what a dear creature!

SAN. Oh what a delightful man!

GIA. I shall reckon myself happy indeed, if amongst the number of so many country girls, you will deign to say that I am the person who seems to be in your eyes the most pleasing and handsome.

MAR. She talks with great eloquence——

OLI. (She has learnt those words by rote.)

MAR.

MAR. What is your name, my dear?

GIA. My name is Giannina.

MAR. You?

OLI. Olivetta.

MAR. And you?

SAN. And mine Sandrina.

MAR. Where do you live?

OLI. At the farther end of the square.

MAR. And where do you live my pretty girl?

GIA. In that pleasant cottage that you see on the top of the valley, and my name is Giannina, daughter of the senior deputy.

MAR. My little dears, we'll pass our time merrily, I'll come and see you, and if you desire it, you shall know the proofs of my sincere affection.

OLI. Yes Sir, worthy Sir, come when you please, you are the master, you are always welcome to my house.

My worthy Sir, come freely to my house,

I've long with joy expected your arrival:

There's none whom I'll receive with more respect,

There's none to whom I'll bid more hearty welcome.

I know indeed I shall be greatly blam'd,

And censured in the castle, 'cause I'm married.

But I will do just as I see my betters;

Then Mr. Marquis come, we shall be merry,

And in good company we'll sing together.

S C E N E VII.

Rinaldo, Sandrina, and Giannina.

GIA. (By my faith, you are mistaken; the Marquis shall not come to your house.)

MAR. Is it you my pretty girl? (to San.)

SAN. I beg your pardon, I am not the person; please to turn the other way.

MAR. The other way I behold a resplendent sun, that dazzles me, and inspires me with love.

SAN. You hear Madam, you are the favorite.

GIA. I am not deserving of such honour.

SAN. Yes you do merit it—And in order that my presence may not be any restraint to you, I shall be the first to retire, with your permission.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Marquis, Giannina, *then Tognino aside.*

MAR. Now that we are alone, my dearest Giannina, my sweet little idol, I wish you to know this heart which sighs for you with the most sincere passion.

GIA. You artful deceiver, I don't believe you.

MAR. Your doubts almost drive me to distraction—Ask for proofs, and you shall then be convinced.

GIA. I desire that you will not converse with any of the girls whom you have seen in this place.

MAR. May the Gods bear witness that I now faithfully promise to comply with your request.

TOG. (Well said, Marquis, he has already taken possession of this place— (aside)

MAR. I swear it my fair charmer—That this heart of mine is wholly devoted to you, and in spite of fate and of my cruel stars, you alone I'll adore till my last moment.

By this soft hand I now declare,
And all those charms supremely fair,
That thou shalt ever bear controul,
And reign the Empress of my Soul.
Sweet lovely eyes that brighter shine,
Than diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Whose lustre wakes within my heart,
A cruel, yet a pleasing smart.

TOG. Oh women, women---You are born in this world only to be our ruin. Trust in them, and then you'll see what return you'll receive for your confidence and affection.

GIA. With whom are you talking, Tognino?

TOG. With you, unworthy, faithless woman—To my grief and astonishment I have heard all.

GIA. Can I help it, if the Marquis has an esteem and affection for me.

TOG. You mean to say you are innocent—Have I not been a witness of your sighing and longing after the Marquis

GIA. It is not true, it is false.

NAR. What a deceiver! How well can you deny your guilt. But as I am well convinced, and have been witness of your infidelity, from this moment I leave you.

GIA. Will you then leave me for a vain suspicion,
For you I have preserv'd my faith sincere;
Is this then the reward of constant love?
O miserable, unhappy Giannetta,

Thus

Thus to be treated, and by whom, by you !
 I almost shudder at the very thought :
 Alas, I feel myself oppress'd with grief,
 And much I fear 'twill drive me to distraction.

I feel my heart with grief oppress'd,
 Ah how it throbs within my breast ;
 So fierce a pang I cant endure,
 Alas, I die beyond a cure !
 For pity's sake, ah, who will save,
 Who snatch me from an early grave ?
 (The Booby melts ! I see 'twill do,
 He thinks that all I say is true,
 And now I'll use my utmost art,
 And quite subdue his stubborn heart.)

Ah me oppress'd with grief I die,
 Say is no kind assistance nigh,
 Traitor avaunt—avoid my view,
 'Tis worse than death to look on you !
 (Now look poor man he's quite struck dumb !
 Ye City Ladies hither come,
 And from my practice learn the rules,
 How to make all your Lovers fools.)

SCENE IX.

Manet, Toggino, *then* Cecchino.

Tog. Stay Giannetta stop ! alas she's gone
 And left me in a tumult of despair,
 It burns within me and consumes my brain !
 Ah wretched that I am, what shall I do ?
 Must I then follow and demand her pardon,
 As if I was th' offender, she offended ?
 And if she should deceive me, should these tears
 Prove but a trick of course to hide her falsehood.
 Alas my senses are confused and lost.

Pain would my heart bid me believe,
 And fondly listen to her tale,
 But should she after all deceive,
 For woman's art can never fail !
 Ah what can poor Tognino do,
 By love and jealousy oppress'd,
 What course, 'midst doubts and fear pursue,
 Or how assuage my troubled breast.

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Tognino and Cecchino.

CEC. Stop you fool——stay.

TOG. Is it you Cecchino?

CEC. What a question! is it I? don't you know that this is the hour appointed to go to the Marquis.

TOG. Oh the jade!

CEC. Our women are to go with the present.

TOG. I cannot reman silent.

CEC. What the deuce is the matter with you, what are you murmuring about, and why do you not listen to me.

TOG. Giannina.

CEC. Well what then.

TOG. Your Daughter makes love to the Marquis.

CEC. Forbear you miscreant to utter such calumny against my daughter.

TOG. I say only what is true.

CEC. What! my Giannina.

TOG. She's a Tyger, a Wolf, a Panther, she's a Devil at heart.

CEC. My Daughter!

TOG. And to revenge myself of so great an injury, I shall become quite outrageous.

CEC. May your wrath fall on your own head, and not on my daughter, let me tell you frankly my sentiments. If you were to go to the city so entirely ignorant, you would be crowned the king of dunces.

TOG. But Cecchino——

CEC. Hold your tongue insolent wretch—listen first to my reasoning—you ignorant ass——

TOG. I will listen to you—here I am.

CEC. My Daughter is——

TOG. I know that already.

CEC. My Daughter is a girl——

TOG. I know this also——

CEC. Oh how tormenting! what patience I must have! my Daughter is——

TOG. What is she?

CEC. I'll tell you what she is— all the Neighbourhood know that my Daughter is——

TOG. A Coquette.

CEC. She is a girl.

TOG. Insolent——

CEC. Handsome and virtuous.

D

Tog.

Tog. Nothing of that.

Cec. She is a plant.

Tog. Without flower.

Cec. She is a Rose:

Tog. Without scent.

Cec. She is a girl——

Tog. That nature has brought forth out of spite..

Cec. Be silent, hold thy prating, hold, hold, hold your——

Tog. I'll hold my tongue.

Cec. My Daughter Sir,
is modest, not a flirt,
Sprung from a worthy Sire,
her Mother's Daughter——
She's harmless, innocent
of spotless virtue,
Her spirit's noble
She's a Daughter——Daughter——
The Devil fetch you,
miscreant that you are!
You ignorant fool
jealous and petulant,
Ugly, wicked, foolish,
Behold your emblem,
Nose of an Elephant,
heart of a lion,
With a great He-goats head
stuck on your shoulders!

Tog. But hush—for I'll have it out,
Impertinent villain—
Villain obscure,
Rascal unmannerly,
Malicious villain,
Dark suspecting villain,
Perfidious villain,
Most vile of villains.

Tog. Have you any other epithet with which to abuse me?

Cec. Now that I have a little explain'd my sentiments to you, and that I have told you about it, go to the gallows, for there I send you.

With a painful and strange sensation I
guess that your heart tells you that
my Daughter is an enemy to you, con-

stantly

stantly persecuting you, and this ominous suspicion possesses your heart, while the poor girl ignorant of it, amuses herself in all the frolics of her age. How can you then with indifference, ungrateful Lover, suffer me to endure such hardships? Ah cruel if this is the reward I am to expect from you, let me fly to the remotest parts of the forest, and there give scope to my rage and despair.

S C E N E XI.

Mengone, and Nardone

MEN. Now that we have done our business at market, let us hasten to prepare ourselves to do honor to our new Marquis, but where is Cocchino?

NAR. I believe he is gone for the same purposes, run lose no time.

MEN. Presently, presently.

S C E N E XII.

The Marquis's Chamber with a Sopha. Several Chairs and a Table.

The Marquis sit on the Sopha, to him all.

Cruel love, source of my anguish,
With whose painful smart I languish;
In my fond bosom glows a flame,
That quite consumes my melting frame!
The beauteous Image in my breast,
Destroys my peace and robs my rest.
What do I see! Ah who is there,
'Tis Olivetta and my fair.
Transported at her sight I die,
Why come you, quick, my love, reply.

Giannina with a little Cannister of Flowers, Olivetta with another of fruit, and Sandrina with Doves neatly placed in a small Basket.

Women.) Pardon us, your excellency
We are come to offer
These gifts by way of tribute;

Deign

Deign then Sir, to accept
this humble token of respect,

MAR. Yes my little dears, I accept it, and here I entreat you to be seated.

Marquis invites them to sit on the Sopha. Giannetta seats herself the first.

GIA. Yes Sir I obey you,

OLI. Oh what a piece of civility.

SAN. What are you more than we.

GIA. Preference is due to me.

And I say so in your presence.

MAR. This is strange enough indeed !

OLI. } Was it not the respect I owe,

SAN. } ² I would act in a different manner.

GIA. What would you do ?

OLI. SAN. My patience is quite exhausted,

MAR. Remain I request you in friendship, and in good harmony.

WOMEN. Yes Sir, we are friends, and let this be the token of forgiveness.

They kiss each other with Disdain, then the Marquis sits down first ; then Giannetta, afterwards Olivetta, lastly Sandrina.

MAR. Who's there, haste, bring here the chocolate for us, charming lovely girls this is a day of great happiness.

OMNES. May the heart exulting spring,
And love triumphant clap his wing.
Far hence be rancour hate and spite,
And all in harmony unite.

A Servant brings a Waiter with four Dishes of Chocolate on it, and another with Sweetmeats..

OLI. (Tell me what is this pray ?)

GIA. (That's chocolate.)

SAN. (Faith I am confused.)

GIA. You are very ignorant,
I'll shew you how to behave,
Health to you Mr. Marquis,
Health to all this company.

Rises making a Courtsey to the Marquis. Drinks as if it was Liquor at one Draught, then Vulgarly wipes her Mouth, seeming to Dislike it.

OLI. I say the same health, &c.

(does the same.

SAN.

SAN. It is hot I won't take it.

(She refuses)

GIA. I wont have any more myself.

Here who's there ?

OLI. Ho who's there ?

MAR. Dont you like it then.

WOMEN. We are thirsty,

(What poison—pslaw)

(Spitting it out.)

MAR. *(This scene is ridiculous)*

WOMEN. My mouth is quite bitter,

What nasty chocolate.

I'll drink no more of it.

Cecchino, Nardone, Tognino, and Marquis, one after the other, Dressed in Rich ancient Habits with preposterous Wigs.

CEC. Permit us your Excellency *(from the door.*

To prostrate ourselves before you.

MAR. Leave to enter ought first to be asked,

And then you might come in.

*Advancing they make repeated bows one after the other—
Mengone who is the Second, holds a Paper in his Hand, and
now and then prompts the Compliment slyly to Cecchino, return-
ing always to his place.*

CEC. We are please your Excellency

The wretched Peasants,

And we run here to you,

Just like sheep

That have lost their shepherd.

Confused not recollecting the words.

MAR. I am very much obliged to you.

CEC. Pardon me your Excellency, I have not yet finished.

Vouchsafe at least the favor of listening to me with kindness.

MAR. Come then, haste, be quick,

And proceed with what follows,

I'll attend to you with patience.

CEC. } From the castle of Formicolone,

NAR. } Your vassals are here come,

MEN. }⁴ To implore your protection,

Tog. } For all the community.

The Women rise making awkward Courtsys.

WOMEN. We also with respect

Do promise to the Marquis,

With love and affection

A blind

A blind obedience,
And true fealty.

MAR. Yes my little dears, I promise you
That the heart which beats in this bosom,
To you shall be wholly devoted.

TOG. (Cecchino did'nt you observe)

(pointing to the Mar. and Cia.)

CIC. (Hush pray, it is an honor.

Dont you believe that in consequence of this I
shall make a piece of work?

You are mistaken indeed.

From the castle of Formicalone.

(Begins the Speech but the other dont follow him, being
Jealous of the Women.

ALL. Well my wife!

TOG. With Sandrina.

I cannot bear it.

CIC. Here will be a piece of work.

To implore your protection.

(Begins the Speech again.

NAR. Begone from hence imprudent wife.

CEC. Oh what a beast, what an animal!

MEN. Away from hence insolent woman.

OLI. } What wrong have I done

SAN. } ² That you thus use me ill.

MAR. Ah Giannetta my treasure.

TOG. (What dont you see Cecchino)

CEC. (You are all a set of idiots.)

MAR. Doubt not that you only I adore.

NAR. I can bear it no longer,

You must know your excellency

That it is my Spouse,

End this toying

And resign her to me.

MAR. You miscreant is it to me you dare offer this
insolence?

TOG. This is too arbitrary.

MAR. I'll have you cudgel'd.

Attendants ho! come hither.

(Enter two Servants.

WOMEN, } Ah Sir for pity sake

and CIC. } ⁴ Forbear to do so.

MAR. No I'll not pass it over,
From you I demand satisfaction.

TOG. Whenever you please, you may command it.

CIC.

Cec. This talk—let it be dropt.

Nar. This is strange enough.

Tar. This is very entertaining.

TOG. MEN. Nar. Let our women alone.

Mar. Begone you base born wretches.

Cec. Lara. lara, tallera, li,

A fine kettle of fish we have made of it.

We have made indeed, indeed.

Mar. Come cudgel these fellows *(to the Servants)*

WOMEN. For pity sake assuage your anger,

(Go from hence if you wish to please me.)

(to the men.)

Sure this event no one could e'er conceive,

And only those who see it can believe,

I'm stupified, astonish'd, much I fear,

From this that some great mischief will appear:

I feel even in the bottom of my soul,

Rage, fury, domineer without controul:

Unable to endure such torturing pain,

I fear that madness will possess my brain.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Nardone, Cecchino, Mengone *and* Tognino.

NAR. **T**O you, Mr. Syndic, I pray my humble respects.

CEC. What news do you hear?

NAR. The news we have in this town, are, that the Marquis is come to take possession of the castle, for the purpose of seducing our women.

CEC. My friends, if true what you advance, we must put a stop to it.

TOG. We want revenge.

MEN. And that, without loss of time.

NAR. And such a revenge as will be effectual.

TOG. If I should see him in the fact, I am determined to shoot him.

MEN. I'll chop his legs off.

CEC. I'll run him through the lungs with a long sword.

NAR. And I'll eat his nose off. No such scandal shall be suffered in my house: I would not give my good name for a diadem; you and every body knows who I am.

E'er since the year one thousand seven hundred,

My grandfire was a deputy, my father

Here as a Syndic exercised his functions;

I feel I am his son, zealous of honour,

Resolved to prop the credit of our house;

And should my wife prove frolicsome and wanton,

I well shall know how to atchieve revenge.

I'm skilled in all the arts that grace the soldier;

Adept in fencing, master of defence,

In shooting dexterous, at one aim I hit;

I'm such as fam'd Hippocrates and Galen

Would own to be in every point, a man.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE

A T T O II.

S C E N A I.

Sala della Comunità.

Nardone, Cecchino, Mengone, e Tognino.

Nar. **A** L nostro Signor Sindaco
Faccio umil riverenza.

Cec. Che cosa abbiám di nuovo.

Nar. La novità, che abbiám nel paese,
E' che il Signor Marchese,
E' venuto al possesso del castello
Per far conquiste donne il vago, e il bello.

Cec. Amici, s' egli è ver quel che voi dite,
Un riparo ci vuol. *Tog.* Una vendetta,

Men E senza perder tempo. *Nar.* E sia sonora.

Tog. Io, se il trovo, sul fatto
Gli do una schioppettata.

Men Io gli taglio le gambe.

Cec. Io gli caccio un spadon entro i polmoni

Nar. Ed io gli mangio il naso, in casa mia
Non si soffrono scandali: il mio nome
Non darei per un trono,

Voi ben sapete, e tutti san chi sono.

Fin dal mille e settecento
Fù il mio Nonno Deputato,
E mio padre il Sindicato
Quì si vide ad occupar.

So che sono suo figliuolo
Per onor della mia razza,
Una moglie mezza pazza
Spero bene castigar.

Nella scherma son perfetto,
Nel dar schiaffi son maestro
Nel dar pugni son sì destro
Che un uccello fo cascar.

Dice Ippocrate, e Galeno
Quei che fanno teriaca,
Che Monsù, A B C. Haco;
Ah gli ho fatti stupefar.

E

(partono
SCENA

S C E N A II.

*Campagna con Collina.**Giannina, Dalla sua casa con libro, Olivetta, Filando, e
Sandrino facendo calze, una dopo l'altra.*

Gia E' felice chi in amore
Non sopporta alcun tormento:
Sino ad or quello mio cuore
Non fa dir che sia contento,
Solo avvezzo a sospirar.

Oli. Infelice condizione
Quella d' esser maritata,
Sol si vive in soggezione,
Nè si può essere amata;
E' una cosa da crepar.

Sar. Sono povera figliuola,
Vò cercando buon marito,
Sono stanca di star sola,
E se trove un buon partito,
Io mi voglio maritar.

a 3 E' pur barbaro il tormento
Di penar in simil guisa,
Crudo Amor fa che contento
Resti il cor, ne' mai divisa
La mia pace abbia a mirar.

Gia Olivetta, buon giorno, addio Sandrina.

Oli Amica, vi saluto, *Sar.* Addio, Giannina.

Gia Giacchè e' bella giornata,
Io vo pigliare il fresco.

Oli Si farò compagnia,
Ma se viene il Marchese, io vado via.
Quì l' aspetto a momenti, sei varrà.

Sar Ho gusto in verità. *Gia* Ci avete gusto?
Ditemi avreste voi

Qualche pretension sopra di lui?

Sar Io l' ho—non l' ho—non vendo conto altrui

Or men vado, e voi restate,
Non vi voglio disturbar:
Ma s'ei viene, deh badate
Di non farvi oorbellar.

Queste pazze, queste sciocche
Credon tutti innamorar.

(parte)

S C E N A III.

*Giannina, e Olivetta, indi Tognino e Cecchino,
al fine il Marchese.*

Gia Povera ignorantella!

SCENE II.

Country with Vallies. Giannina from her house with a book, Olivetta spinning, and Sandrina knitting stockings one after the other.

GIA. Happy are those who are in love,
And do not endure pain.
My poor heart cannot
Yet pronounce itself happy,
But prone to continual sighs.

OLI. Unhappy condition
To be married!
Always in restraint,
And not to dare to be loved,
Is sufficient cause for grief.

SAN. I am a poor girl,
On search of a husband.
I am weary of being single;
And if I meet with a good offer,
I am determined to marry.

2. 3. 'Tis painful thus oppress'd with anguish,
Still to sigh, and still to languish;
Ah! cruel love, relieve my breast,
And give me back my former rest.

GIA. Good day to you, Olivetta.—Adieu, Sandrina.

OLI. My friend, I am happy to see you.

SAN. Adieu, Giannina.

GIA. This fine day invites me abroad to breathe the fresh air.

OLI. I'll keep you company, but if the Marquis should come, I shall leave you, as I expect him every moment, and I am sure he will come.

SAN. I am glad of it indeed.

GIA. Are you glad of it? What! have you any pretensions to him?

SAN. Whether I am or not, I am not obliged to tell you.

Now that I go and you still here remain,
No more my presence shall afford you pain;
But should the Marquis come, believe me, fear
Lest you ridiculous coquettes appear,
These foolish girls with their insipid arts,
Think to enchain all eyes, and rule all hearts:

Exit.

SCENE III.

Giannina, Olivetta, then Tognino and Cocchino.

GIA. Poor ignorant girl.

OLI. Indeed I pity her.

GIA. She thinks herself the most handsome.

CEC. Here are the wretches : now let us talk to them
my friend. What are you doing here ?

OLI. I am at work.

GIA. I am reading, and enjoying the fresh air.

CEC. The fresh air !

TOG. The fresh air !

CEC. You must go home.

TOG. I say, go home.

CEC. Your father commands it.

TOG. Your husband requires it.

GIA. You my husband ! With that grace and mien !

CEC. Impertinent daughter ! Do you dare talk thus
before your father ? Come, instantly, and ipso facto give
him your hand, else I'll tear your eyes out.

(takes her by the arm in anger)
and the Marquis enters.

MAR. Softly gentlemen, softly,
What transport, what rage is this ?
It is a great rudeness
To insult the fair.

TOG. We have other things in our head ;
Don't meddle with our affairs.
I would advise you, my dear sir
To go from hence.

CEC. To depart with fair words,
I advise you, sir,
Else I doubt my gentle master,
That matters will turn to be serious.

the 2 women Now we have a fair opportunity
To revenge ourselves of their insults.

MAR. How dare you talk with such fury ?
Just as if I was in fault. *(to Tog)*

TOG. You'll do well to depart,
I am not in a humour to talk.

MAR. But why my dear friend
Are you so angry with your daughter ?

CEC. It is a family affair,
Not to be talked of.

MAR. My dear little girl, what has happened ?
I should wish to know all.

the 2 women Alas, alas, I cannot fully relate
The principal cause of my grief.

a. 5. Some dreadful mischief must impend,

Oli Affè la compatisco !

Gia Si crede la più bella —————

Cec Ecco le briconacce ————— amico a noi,

Che si fa quì ?

Tog Che si fa quì ! *Oli* Io lavoro.

Gia Io leggo, e piglio il fresco. *Cec.* Il fresco ? *Tog.*

Il fresco ?

Cec Animo, a casa. *Tog.* Animo, a casa, dico !

Cec Tel comanda tuo padre !

Tog Tel comanda il tuo sposo ! *Gia.* Tu mio sposo,

Per sì belle maniere, e sì bel tratto !

Cec Aha, figlia impertinente in questa guisa

In faccia al genitor parlare ardiffi.

Subito a lui la mano,

E sposalo izzo fatto,

E a guegli occhj ti vò peggio di un gatto.

*(La prende per un braccio con dispetto ; in questa
enera il March.*

Il M Piano, piano, miei Signori,

Quai trasporti, quai furori,

Inveir contra le belle

E' un mancar di civiltà.

Tog Abbiám altro nel cervello,

Non s' intrichi in questi affari :

E potrebbe bello bello,

Mio Signor, partir di quà.

Cec Ti consiglio colle buone

Di tornare onde partiste,

Altrimenti, mio padrone,

Qui l' imbroglio nascerà.

Le 2 Don. Ora si di loro ingiurie

Ci possiamo vendicar.

Il Mar. Dir mi vuoi di queste furie

Quale un po' la causa sia.

(a Tog

Tog Fara meglio, se andrà via,

Non ho voglia di parlar.

Il Mar Ma perchè, mio caro amico,

Tanto sdegno colla figlia ?

(a Cec.

Cec, Son faccende di famiglia

Non va ben di chiacchierar.

Il Mar. Mte carine, ch' è successo

Tutto intendere vorrei.

Le 2 Don Basta, basta, i mali miei

Non vi posso appien narrar.

a G. Tal arcano, tal mistero

Se il pensier, mi dice il vero

Non va bene a terminar.

Tog Favrisca. *Gia*. Mi perdoni

Cec Oia partite. *Oli* Oibò non devon

Tog. Come? *Cec*. Che? *Il Mar. Pian*,
pian, Signori,

Dite a me, com' è la cosa.

Gia Quella bestia è sì geloso.

Oli S, tiranno è il genitore,

Gia Che rabbioso, che villano

E' con me la notte, e il dì.

Oli E pretende che la mano

A lui dia, sebben così.

Il Mar Vergognatevi, arrossite.

Tog Voi ch' entrate? *Cec*. Che v' importa?

Il Mar Colle femmine geloso.

Con quel pazzo maritarla?

Oh che uom pian di spropositi!

Oh che gente incorreggibile!

Da quì vengon poi le liti

Ca quì nascon le discordie;

E le donne congiustizia

Poi si voglion vendicar,

E diventar accessibili

A chi vuole amoreggiar.

Le 2 Don Apprendete queste regole;

Ascoltate queste massime;

Oli Bene bene, in cuor scolpitele:

Gia Nella testa legistratela.

a 2 Che se no ci fate ridere,

Evi fate corbellar.

Tog. Ve' che caso! ve' che storia!

Ve' che impiccio! ve' che scena!

Già la testa ho così piena

Che non so quel che sarà.

Cec. Oh Cecchino desolato

Sei schernito, sei burlato,

Il tuo cranio glà vacilla,

Eti balza quà, e là.

(*Il Mar. e Oliv. partono.*)

S C E N A IV.

Tognino, Cecchino, e Giannina in atto di partire.

Cec Giannina, dove vai? *Gia*. Dietro Glivetta.

Cec Corpo di un elefante vien quì subito,

This we'er can bode a prosperous end.

Tec. With your leave.

Gia. I must be excused.

Cec. Go, I say.

Oli. No, I will not.

Tec. How?

Cec. What?

Mar. Ladies, tell me softly, say how the matter stands.

Oli. That booby is so jealous.

Gia. My father is so severe.

Oli. That both day and night I am continually harassed and tormented.

Gia. He wants to force me to marry him against my will.

Mar. What are you then so jealous of your daughter?
And would you marry her with such a fool? You sure are
most uncorrigibly mad.

This is the fatal cause whence discovered springs,

Discord that such reproach on wedlock brings;

The woman wedded to a fool for life,

Forc'd to assume the hated name of wife,

Finds her revenge, inconstancy, and strife.

2 women. Learn these good rules.

Gia. Hear these sound maxims.

Oli. Engrave them deeply in your heart.

Gia. Register them in your mind.

2 If we do not laugh at you,
Though you appear to us ridiculous.

Tec. See what an event; see, what a catastrophe:
See what a broil; see what a scene of disorder.
My brain is so distracted,
That I do not know what to do.

Cec. Oh! poor unhappy Cecchino,
You are scorned, you are laugh'd at;
Your head is quite in confusion,
And almost ready to split.

(*the Marq. and
Oliv. Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

Tognino, Cecchino, Giannina going.

Cec. Where are you going, Giannina?

Gia. To follow Olivetta.

Cec. Zounds, come hither immediately.

GIA. I cannot, I have something to do, some feminine matters to transact.

Tog. Did you hear the jade.

Cec. Come, I say.

GIA. Here I am, What is your pleasure?

Cec. Do you know who I am?

GIA. Cecchino, my father.

Cec. And pray who are you?

GIA. Giannini, your daughter.

Cec. No, you are a disgrace to my family, without a word more, or a single frown, give your hand to Tognino.

Tog. Now I wont have her, dear Cecchino; let her follow the Marquis.

Cec. What, how; Do you act like a child? You huffy, go to him, and ask his pardon for all your injuries; run into his arms.

GIA. (I'll please him for once) my dear Tognino, I beg your pardon. Turn to me my dear; do not turn away from your Giannina. Can you be so ungrateful to her?

Cec. Come, come, don't be foolish; go to her, and put an end to the business.

Tog. Ah! you jade.

GIA. Let us be friends.

Tog. As you please.

Cec. That's right, well done, mighty well.

(they embrace each other).

When is the wedding to take place?

Tog. We must have some conversation upon that head.

That a wife's a good thing, one doctor has said,

But alas, it confoundedly runs in my head;

In order to balance the good with the evil,

That another has said that a wife is the devil.

Now to which to give credit is doubtful to me,

'Tis hard to decide, where the learn'd disagree.

Now hear me, dear sir, to provide for the worst,

(She may be a good wife, or perhaps may prove curst)

This is my request, and it brooks no denial,

Allow me your daughter one month upon trial.

(Exit.)

SCENE V.

Cecchino and Giannina.

GIA. My dear, as we are now alone,

Let us have a little conversation.

Cec. Has any thing new happened?

- Gia* Non posso——ho certi affani——
Certe conveniense sette femminine——
- Tog* Sentite la briccona? *Cec.* Animo quì.
- Gia* Son quì cosa volete?
- Cec* Sai tu chi son? *Gia* Cecchino il padre mio.
- Cec* Eh chi fei? *Gia* Giannina—vostra figlia.
- Cec* No, tu se' 'l disonor di mia famiglia!
Senza pui becco aprire, o batter ciglio
Dà la mano a Tognino.
- Tog* Per me non la vo' più, caro Cecchino;
Segua, segua il Marchese. *Cec* Come! cosa?
Mi faresti il ragazzo? E tu, sguaiata
Domandagli perdon di tanti torti,
Ecorri ad abbracciarlo——
- Gia* (Bisogna or contentarlo——) Tognin mio,
Ti domando perdon——guardami, caro——
Non ritirardi tanto——alla Ciannina
Potresti essere ingrato——
- Cec* Via non far smorfie, accostati, e finiscitea.
- Tog* Ah furba— *Gia.* Facciam pace? *Tog.* Come vuoi
- Cec* Bravi! bravi! benissimo! (s'abbracciano)
E lo tue nozze quando lo vuoi fare?
- Tog* Per questo poi bisogna pria parlare.
Che la moglie e' cosa buona
Lo diceva un gran dottore,
Che la moglie e' un anticor
Lo diceva un altro ancor.
Ora a chi di questidue
Alfin credere dovrò.
Cecchino mio, sentite
Per non burlarmi appieno,
Per un mesetto almeno
A prova la torrò. (parte)

S C E N A V.

Cecchino, e Giannina.

- Gia* Caro Signor pappa, giacchè siam soli
Discorriamola un po' così tra noi.
- Cec.* Che c'è nuovo. *Gia.* Datemi parola.
Di non andare in collera.
- Cec* Hai fatto qualche male,
Che in collera andar deggio——
- Gia* No——ma forse——
- Cec* Lasciam questi preamboli.

- Gia* Ebbene udite : in fondo, voi sapete
Ch' io sono una fanciulla che ha del merito.
- Cec* Sei mia figliuola— *Gia*. Ah certo !
Che ho studiato, che ho spirito, che ho brio,
Che la più bella son del tempo mio !
- Cec* Non mi oppongo ! *Gia*. E' vorreste
Questo bell' idoletto, questa gemma,
Sposar a un mammalucco, a un villanaccio
Di me di voi, del vostro sangue indegno ?
Quando un Signor più degno——
Un cor gentile, e tenero
Esser può mio marito, e vostro genero ?
- Cec* Tuo marito ? un Signor ? *Gia*. Certo ! se voi.
Mi lasciate operar. *Cec*. E chi è costui ?
Forse il Marchese. *Gia*. Ei stesso.
Ei mi ama tanto tanto ; ah se mi sposa
Qual fortuna per noi : vesti d' argento,
Cavalli, servitori—anelli in dito,
Gran piu me in testa, ed orologio al fianco ?
Voi Signor illustrissimo,
Io madama eccellenza,
Tutti avran rabbia, e ci vorrà pazienza.
- Cec* (Questa furba seduce
La mia debole testa ——)
- Gia* Via ditemi di sì. *Cec* No. *Gia* Sì. *Cec* No.
Gia Sì.
- Cec* No, ti ripeto ancora.
- Gia* Direte sì prima di un quarto di ora.
Lo conosco a quegli occhietti
Furbi furbi malignetti ;
Che sebben voi dite no,
Pur' m' accennano di sì.
- Cec* Signorina v' ingannate
Troppo in alto voi volate,
Gli occhj, ed io diciamo no,
Ed un sogno è questo quì.
- Gia* Ma perchè ? non sono bella,
Graziosa, spiritosa,
Sù mirate leggiadria,
Ve' che brio, che maestà !
- Cec* Ah costei mi va tentando,
Quanto vol che me la fa !
- Gia* Già mi par ch' ei va calando
Via Signore— *Cec* Vannè via.
- Gia* Risolvete— *Cec* Matta sei.

GIA. Give me your word first not to be in a passion.

CEC. Have you done any thing amiss that you fear I should be in a passion.

GIA. No—but probably—

CEC. Let us drop all these preambles.

GIA. Then attend to me—upon the whole you are sensible that you have a Daughter possessed of some merit.

CEC. You are my Daughter—

GIA. To be sure ! I have had a good education, I have sense, I am full of spirits, I am more handsome than any one here.

CEC. I dont deny it.

GIA. And would you suffer this pretty little fool, this jewel of yours to marry a clown and a fool ? unworthy of our blood, when a gentleman of far greater merit with a generous and tender heart, might be my Husband and your son,

CEC. Your husband a gentleman ?

GIA. Yes Sir provided you wont interrupt the marriage.

CEC. And pray Miss who is he ? I suppose you mean the Marquits.

GIA. Yes Sir, he is the person whom I mean—he loves me so tenderly, if he marry me what a fortune shall we then acquire : we shall have rich clothes, horses, servants, rings on my finger, feathers on my head, watches by my side, you an Esquire, I, her excellency ; every body will be astonish'd, yet they must pay us respect.

CEC. This jade turns my head.

GIA. Come, say yes.

CEC No. GIA Yes. CEC No. GIA Yes.

CEC. No—I again repeat it.

GIA You'll say yes within a quarter of an hour.

In vain your cunning tongue denies,

I read consent within your eyes ;

No, No—it is but a phrase of art,

But Yes, the language of your heart.

CEC If what I say you dont believe,

'Tis only you, yourself deceive ;

You fly too high, descend more low.

You'll find my tongue and eyes say no.

GIA. Why have I not each charm and grace,

Of mind, of person, and of face.

Say, was I for a cottage born,

Whose mien a palace might adorn ?

CEC Spite of myself I cant say nay,

Ten to one she'll have her way !

GIA Methinks he now must soon comply—

Come Sir— CEC Away—

GIA You cant deny— CEC. You're mad—

GIA The charge of love I own,
For him who burns for me alone.

CEC. Hence, hence, be quickly gone I say, (*Gia Exit*
You plague me so—away—away—

S C E N E VI.

Cecchino alone.

Her folly almost drives me distracted, it would
be very fortunate indeed if Cecchino's
Daughter was to become the Wife of his
Master. But what would the village and
Tognino say of me? away then with such
a vile temptation; Giannina shall remain
a Country girl. (*Exit*

S E E N E VII.

A Rustic Chamber with two closets and two folding doors.

Tognino, Nardone, then Cecchino.

NAR. I have seen her with these eyes, and have heard
her with these ears.

TOG. Who! Giannina?

NAR. Yes.

TOG. Was she inviting thr Marquis to come here?

NAR. Yes and they are coming together arm in arm.

TOG. Ah poor me! Oh for mercy sake, run, haste, fly,
seek the father—let him come here, I'll wait for you—go,
I'll conceal myself in one of these closets, come in quick.

(*to Cecchino*)

(*pushes him in and Nardone.*

CEC. What is the matter?

TOG. Be silent—you'll know the rest bye and bye.

(*Tog. sends Cec. in the Closet. (Enter the Mar. and Gia.*

S C E N E VIII.

To them Giannani and the Marquis.

GIA. Come without fear.

MAR. Here I am my love, my fair sun,

GIA. How delightful are these words to me?

Be pleased to sit down.

(*sits*

MAR. I am very much obliged to you.

(*Cec. and Tog. appear in Rage from the Closets.*

We ought to treat each other with freedom.

Toc. His excellency imagines himself at court (*aside*

Mar. My adorable girl.

CEC. Now comes the best.

MAR. What a dear lovely and fair hand!

Gia Son' per lui gli affetti miei,

Ed acceso egli è per me.

Cec Oh che imbroglio egli è per me.

(*parte*)

S C E N A VI.

Cecchino solo.

Le follie di costei

Mi fan girar la testa: una gran forte

Saria pur se conforte

Fosse al padron la figlia di Cecchino;

Ma il villaggio, e Tognino

Che direbber di me? vattene, dunque,

Tentazion malandrina,

Sia Giannina onorata, e contadina.

(*parte*)

S C E N A VII.

Camera rustica, con due armadj praticabili da' due lati.

Tognino, Nardone, e poi Cecchina.

Nar L' ho vista con questi occhj, e l' ho sentita

Con queste orecchie! *Tog* La Giannina? *Nar* Sì.

Tog E invitava il Marchese a venir quì?

Nar Anzi a braccetto se ne vien con lui.

Tog Oh poveretto me deh vanne, corri—

Vola—ricerca il padre—

Fa ch' ei qui venga—io qui rimango—vanne—

In un di questi armadj (*lo spinge fuori, e Nar.*)

Mi celerò—venite—entrate presto. (*a Cec.*)

Cec Che c' è—

Tog Ammutite; or saprete il resto.

(*spinge Cec. in un armadio, ed entra con lui.*)

S C E N A VIII.

I sudd. Giannina ed il Marchese.

Gia Venite francamente.

Il Mar. Eccomi, mio bel sole.

Gia Quanto gusto mi dan queste parole!

Favorite, sedete—

siede.

Cec. e Tog. dagli armadj fanno degli atti di rabbia, e di dispetto

Il Mar Vi son molto obbligato;

Non trattar ci dobbiam con confidenza.

Tog (Vuole andare alle corte sua eccellenza!)

Il Mar Adorato mio bene. *Cec* (Adesto viene il buono!)

Il Mar Oh che bella manina!

Gia Vi piace?

Il Mar Tanto, tanto! *Tog* Oh maledetto!

(*bacia la mano molte volte.*)

Non voglio più tacer; *Cec* Celate, e taci.

Tog (Costor crepar mi fanno al suon di baci.)

Gia Prima che voi partiate

Voglio che noi beviamo un bicchieretto.

Il Mar Non voglio complimenti—

Gia Vo' fare il mio dovere.

(*corre all' armado di Cec. e mette ungrido*)

Cec Ah figlia sciagurata!

Tog Civetta malandrina!

Il Mar Non ha colpa Giannina.

Cec. Signora compatite—

Il Mar So cos' avete a dirmi—tutto sperar potete—

Per voi, per vostra figlia.

Cec Vi ringrazio Signore.

Il Mar Non conoscete ancora il mio buon cuore,

Tog Questo vostro buon cuore—

Il Mar Sì, son pronto a mostrarlo.

Tog Ma lasciatemi dire—

Cec Voglio soddisfazione.

Il Mar Siete degni ambedue di protezione.

Se di me gelosi siete

Discacciate ogni sospetto,

Ho per voi tutto il rispetto,

E lo voglio dimostrar.

Non parlate, che v' intendo

E già so che dir volete,

Io son uomo che comprendo,

E sincero è il mio trattar.

Vezzosa Giannina—La fera è vicina

Verrò travestito—Vi faccio l' invito

Non state a mancar.

M' avete capito—E' questo il marito,

Alfin m' intendete—

Non serve parlar.

S C E N A IX.

Cecchino, Giannina, e Tognone.

Cec Va pure alla malora.

Tog Che tu possa crepare.

Cec Ma tu, pettegolissima figliuola

Pagar dovrai la pene. *Gia* Ah caro padre

Vi domando perdono.

Cec Adesso che tu hai fatto la frittata

Mi domandi perdono, o sciagurata?

GIA, Do you like it?

MAR. Much, very much indeed.

(he kisses her hand repeatedly)

TOG. Oh the Rogue, I cant hold any longer.

CEC. Conceal yourself and be quiet.

TOG, I am almost stunned with the sound of kisses.

GIA Before you go I beg you will take some refreshment.

MAR I desire no compliments.

GIA My duty requires it.

(goes to the Closet where Cec. is and screams out)

CEC Wretched daughter.

TOG Artful, malicious vixen.

MAR Giannina is not in fault.

CEC. Excuse me dear Sir,

MAR I know what you mean to say—hope for the best,
both for your daughter and yourself.

CEC I thank you Sir.

MAR. You are not yet acquainted with the liberality of
my heart.

TOG That excellent heart of yours!—

MAR Yes I am ready to give you proofs of it,

TOG But let me speak—

CEC I demand satisfaction.

MAR You are both deserving of protection.

If you are jealous of me,

Dispel every suspicion.

I have every respect for you,

And I'll give you proofs of it;

Dont speak for I understand you,

And I know already what you mean to say,

I am a man capable of discernment,

And my proceedings are sincere.

Charming Giannina—the evening advances

(Whispers to Gia)

I'll come in disguise, dont disappoint me,

Fail not—

You have heard me, this is your husband,

You understand me, I hope you do,

I need not speak.

S C E N E IX.

Cecchino, Giannina, and Tognino.

CEC Go to the Devil. TOG. May you burst,

CEC And you miss vixen shall answer for all this.

GIA Dear father I implore your forgiveness.

CEC Now that you have committed the fault you ask to
be forgiven.

GIA Hear me dear Tognino.

Tog. No, no, I'll not be imposed upon again. *(exit.)*

GIA If these tears do not inspire your heart with tenderness and pity, dear father I shall die with grief, *(exit)*

S C E N E X.

Cecchino.

What secret charm in the name of fortune dear women is there in those petticoats and eyes, by which we poor men are fascinated, and made to do exactly as you please. Tho' I am a father with white locks, and worn out with age, yet my daughter's words and tears have entirely unhinged my resolution.

Dear lovely women formed the eye to charm,
And e'en the coldest breast with passion warm,
View'd in your face, how beautiful to the sight,
But in your minds alas how alter'd quite.
Crows with dove's features, wolves with female grace,
And very Devils with an Angel's face ;
In short you are what I can never tell,
They best who know you, find you worse than Hell.
Dupes of the sex would you revenge your wrong,
Come here and arm with fierce reproach your tongue ;
For should you rail against them till you burst,
What e'er you say, you ne'er can speak the worst. *(exit)*

S C E N E XI.

Country with Vallies, and Trees. Night.

Giannina.

The moment is come at last
That I may without dread or fear
Speak to my idol. Away from my bosom
All timid doubts,
And disturb not my promised happiness,
Oh it seems that in favor of my aspiring love,
This charming place,
The Earth and Heaven
All unite to accomplish
This night my desires.
Come, Oh come, dont tarry idol of my heart,
Come where love invites you,
Ere the sky be totally darkened,
And the air and earth and all nature be still,
Here is a murmuring stream, here are gentle zephyrs,
Whose sweet rustling lulls the breast to repose,
Here the flowers are smiling, the grass is verdant.

Gia Caro Tognino, ascolta.

Tog Non mi lascio burlare un' altra volta.

Gia Ma questo pianto mio,

Se a intenerir non giunge il vostro core,

O, padre mio, m' ucciderà il dolore!

(parte)

S C E N A X.

Cecchino solo.

Cosa diamine han mai, donne mie belle

Quelle vostre gonnelle, e quei vostri occhj,

Che noi poveri sciocchi

Girate a vostro modo? ecco, io son padre,

Ho già bianchi i capelli, e curvo il dorso,

E con un bel discorso,

Con quattro lagrimette di mia figlia

Ho messo tutto il sangue in parapiglia!

Donne, donne, voi siete un buon mobile

Finchè l' occhio una parte rimira;

Ma se poi da quell' altra vi gira,

Donne mie cangia aspetto l' affar.

Trova corvi con penne di tortora,

Trova volpi con volti di femmina,

Trova diavoli, eccetera, eccetera,

Trova quel che non voglio spiegar.

Narcisetti, che dentro la rete

Tante volte da gonzi cadeste,

Quante cose di più non direste,

Se in mio vece poteste parlar.

(parte)

S C E N A XI.

Campagna con Colline, ed Alberi. Notte.

Giannina.

Alfin giunto è il momento

Che potrò senza affanno

Parlare all' idol mio: timide cure

Uscite dal mio petto,

A turbar non venite il mio diletto.

Oh come par che all' amoroso foco

L' amenità del loco,

La terra e il ciel risponda!

Come la notte i miei desir seconda!

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,

Vieni ove amore per goder ti appella.

Pria che apparisca in ciel notturna face,

Finchè l' aria e ancor bruna, e il mondo tace.

Quì mormora il ruscel, quì scherza l' aura,

G

Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura.
 Quì ridono i fioretti, e l' erbaè fresca,
 Al piacere di amor quì tutto a desca.
 Vieni ben mio tra queste piante ascosse,
 Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose. *(parte a destra)*

S C E N A XII.

Tognino, e un cont. da sinistra con bastoni in mano.

Tog Tu qui ti cела, io quì? la sorte ha fatto
 Ch' io discopra il negozio
 E quando vien batti, non stare in ozio *(sicelano.)*

S C E N A U L T I M A.

Il Marchese in abito da Villano, poi tutti per ordine.

Il Mar E' la notte così oscura
 Che non so dove mi vada;
 Non ritrovo più la strada,
 Non vorrei precipitar.

Oli Per sfogare il mio tormento
 Vengo sola in questo loco;
 Crudo amor io già ti sento
 Vai crescendo a poco a poco,
 E mi sforzi a sospirar.

Il Mar Se qualcun trovassi almenò,
 Cesserebbe il mio timore.

Oli Se potessi dal mio seno
 Cancellar quel traditore,
 Non saprei più che bramar.

Tog (Di dietro la casa di Gian. con bastone)
 Vo' fermarmi ancora un poco,
 Tarda molto a comparire.

Oli Io mi sento in seno un fuoco.

Il Mar Qualchedun parmi sentire.
 Stiamo un poco ad ascoltar.

Gia (Di dietro la sua casa dalla collina)
 E' la notte già avanzata,
 Tremo tutta dal spavento,
 Ah se fossi ritrovata
 Crescerebbe il mio tremor.

Cec (Dalla finestra di sua casa)

Il Mar Ho sentito un gran rumore,
 Fosse mai la mia figliuola?
 Meco avessi un servitore.

Gia Poverina, sola, sola,
 Chi mi viene a consolar.

Tog Sento gente che si avvanza.

Il Mar Siete voi, cara Giannina?

Every thing conspires to favor the pleasure of love.
Come come my love, in this recess recline,
And for thy head a rosy wreath I'll twine.

S C E N E XII.

Tognino and Nardone *on the left with Cudgels in their hands.*

TOG Here conceal yourself—and I shall remain here.—
Fortune has decreed that I should discover the affair, and
when he shall approach, do not fail to make a good use of
your cudgel. *(they conceal themselves)*

SCENE THE LAST.

The Marquis in the Habit of a Peasant, then to him all.

The night is so dark
That I don't know my way,
I have lost the road,
And am afraid to fall into some precipice.

OLI To give full scope to my grief,
Alone I come in this place,
Cruel love I already feel you
To encrease upon me by degrees,
And to draw the involuntary sigh,
From my bursting heart.

MAR If I could meet with somebody,
My fears would abate.

OLI If I could from my bosom tear that traitor, there is
nothing else I should desire.

(Tog. near the door of Giannina's House with a Cudgel)

GIA Night is far advanced I tremble all over with
fear, Oh! if I should be discovered my terror would increase.
(Cecchino at the Window.)

CEC I have heard some noise, it may probably be my
daughter. MAR. I wish I had a servant with me.

GIA Alas! I am quite alone
There is nobody to support my courage.

TOG. I hear somebody advancing.

MAR My dear Giannina is it you.

OLI Yes 'tis I, my love.

MAR Adorable Marchioness, I am come to meet you.

NAR By my soul here's a fine beginning, I have lost my
wife. There are several persons here, something must have
happened, I will be satisfied. *(from his House)*

CEC The hussy is gone out to seek her lover.

GIA Yes my love my sweet wife.

TOG. and CEC 2 I can hold no longer,

MAR What says my treasure.

OLI That you are my idol.

GIA For you I languish and for you I die. (to Nar

TOG And for you I languish too — (to the Mar

CEC and NAR 2. I should not wish to fall into a precipice.

MAR This scene is strange enough, where will it end.

NAR I have not yet met that cursed witch.

CEC I bear the jade, now let me pluck up spirits to revenge myself of that vile traitor.

NAR Olivetta where are you.

OLI Oh what a dreadful blow.

MAR I'll go about my business.

TOG Is our friend arrived and Giannina with him.

CEC If she comes within my reach, I shall certainly murder her.

NAR. There's somebody coming softly, probably the Marquis may be here.

MAR Alas! my fears increase.

CEC Giannina, Giannina, what are you doing abroad?

(comes out of the house.)

GIA. Ah me, what a disaster, I had better make off,

Let me endeavour to escape. *(enters the house and*

NAR. What rascal is this?

shuts the door

MAR. I am a man of honor.

NAR. You are probably the lover, I have met with you at last.

(takes the Mar. by the arm.)

ALL 3. 'Tis better to go.

MAR. I am Rinaldo, your master.

NAR. I don't know Rinaldo, I don't know my master,

With this stick I'll give you a sound drubbing.

ALL except the MAR. Come friends, run.

(Sandra, Olivetta, Giannina, and peasants in arms.)

WOMEN What do you want?

What noise is that?

Don't bawl so loud.

CEC Nardone, what are you doing?

NAR I am punishing a traitor.

MEN What has he done?

TOG He wants to play the Gallant.

MAR I beseech you to pardon me.

CEC Probably with my Daughter?

MAR I entreat one single word.

TOG Probably with my sister?

TOG and NAR 2. Let him be well cudgelled.

Women Oh no he is the Marquis

GIA. What do you mean by the Marquis, Miss Vixen,

I desire you will not come to disturb honest people.

Oli Sì son' io (mio cor, costanza)

Il Mar Adorata Marchesina,
Io vi vengo a ritrovar.

Nar Per mia fe'! quest'è un bel gioco,
Più la moglie non ritrovo.
S'è gran gente in questo loco,
Qualche cosa c'è di nuovo,
Io mi voglio sincerar.

Cec La pettegola e sortita
A cercarsil' amorino.

Gia Sì, mio ben, dolce mia vita.

Tog e Cec Non mi posso più frenar.

Il Mar Cosa dite, mio tesoro.

Oli Che voi siete l'idol mio.

Gia Già languisco, per voi moro.

Tog E per voi languisco anch'io.

Cec e Nar. 2 Non vorrei precipitar.

Il Mar E' graziosa questa scena
Dove mai va a terminar!

Nar E neppur l'ho ritrovata
Quella strega malandrino.

Cec L'ho sentita la sfacciata,
Su si faccia una vendetta
Contro l'empio traditor.

Nar Olivetta, dove sei?

Oli Ah che colpo inaspettato!

Il Mar Anderò pe' fatti miei.

Tog E l'amico capitato,
E Giannina è seco ancor.

Cec Se colei mi vien tra mano
Io vo' farne un gran macello.

Nar C'è qualcun che va pian piano,
Che il Marchese fosse guello!

Il Mar Ah s'accrebbe il mio timor.

Cec Giannina, Giannina,
Che fai sulla strada.

(*uscendo di casa*)

Gia Ohime! che ruina
Meglio è che men vada,
Proviamo a fuggir,

Cec Chi è questo birbante

Il Mar Son uomo onorato.

Cec Sei forse l'amante?
T' avro ritrovato.

a 3 E' meglio partir.

Il Mar Io sono il Marchese,
Il vostro padro ne.

Tog Non so di Marchese,
Non so di padrone,
Conquesto bastone
Ti voglio punir.

(tutei fuorchè il March.)

Sù, gente, correte

(Sandrino, Olivetta, Giannina, e Villani, con armi.)

Donne Che cosa volete ?
Che strepito è quello ?
Non state a gridar.

Cec Tognino, cosa fai ?

Nar Punisco un traditore.

San Che cos' ha fatto mai

Tog Egli vuol far l' amore.

Il Mar Vi prego a perdonar

Cec Forse con mia figliuola

Il Mar Una parola sola.

Nar Forse con mia sorella ?

a 2 Lasciatelo ammazzar.

Donne Ah no ! ch' egli è il Marchese

Gia Cos' è questo Marchese
Signora impertinente,
Egli l' onesta gente
Non viene a disturbar.

Il Mar Ah sì, son' io, perdono.

Cec Ohimè ! che cosa vedo ;

Nar Ohime ! che appena il credo !
E dessoilmaladetto !

Tog *(Rimasto a vuoto or sono,*
Ma se non cangia affetto
Io mi saprò rifar.)

(tutti fuorchè il March.)

Ser Marchese, compatisca
Se l' abbiamo spaventato,
Il suo braccio favorisca,
Mentre vo' che accompagnato
Da noi sia con grande onor,

(prende per il braccio il March.)

Il Mar Il malanno che vi dia,
Donne, donne, quante siete,
Voi per me crepar potete,
Ch' io per voi non sento amor.

(parte)

Uomini. Per voi altre malandrine
Nasce questo precipizio,
Le mie care Signorine
Se non fate più giudizio
La vedremo, come andrà.

MAR. O yes 'tis I——pardon—— *(shows himself)*

CEC. Alas what do I see.

NAR. Oh me I scarcely believe it.

MAR. It is that rogue, tis he.

Tog. *(I have missed my aim, yet if he does not change his manners I'll be revenged of him)*

All, except Mar.——Excuse us. Sir,
If we have frightened you
Favor us with your arm,
As we wish to accompany you
With due respect and honor.

MAR. The devil take you all,
Women, women ail, you may go to the devil.
I am cured of my passion for you
On this account.

Men. On your account, wretched women,
All this has happened.
Ladies, if you dont mend your manners
We'll see how it will all end.

Women. Faith this is strange indeed,
What fault have we committed.

MEN. Get home you vile jade,
You and I will settle this business.

Men. Let us go hence.

Women. But if you are jealous, and without cause,
You are a set of fools.

GIA. OLI. 2. I'll tell my story.

SAN. You have no right.

CEC. Hold your prate, what ails you?

NAR. I am a husband and that is sufficient.

MIN. And would pretend to be in the right?

NAR. I am a man, and not made of paste.

Women. Insolent.——Men. Base born.

Women. Ideots.——Men. Vixens.

ALL. Hush, hush, for mercy's sake.

CEC. To-morrow in our magisterial chair,
At leisure we'll decide the whole affair.
Go all to bed, and end the present riot,
Else we shall ne'er enjoy a moment's quiet.

ALL. Hush, hush,—Good night, of this eventful fray,
We'll talk at leisure on a future day.

THE END.

Donne Oh cospetto questa e bella!
E che colpa abbiamo noi?

Uo. Tanne in casa, sfacciàtella,
Che fra noi si parlerà.

Homini Su' n' andate via di quà.

Donne Ma se voi gelosi siete,
Eragione non avete,
Siete pazzi in verità.

Gia Oli 2 Io vo' dir la mia ragione?

Nar Sono un uomo, e non di pasta —

Donne Insolenti, Uom, Malcreato.

Afinacci. Uom- che sfacciate! —

Tutti Zitto, Zitto, in carità.

Cec Questo affare in conclusione
Doman poi col seggiolone
Tra di noi s'aggiusterà.
E voi altre andate a letto,
Che quel chiaffo maledetto
Se nò, mai si finirà.

Tutti Zitto, Zitto, buona notte,
Che doman si parlerà.

IL FINE.

